

1489. f. 37 (1-2)

A

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

COURT of ADULTERY.



(1)

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ADDRESSED TO

A MAID OF HONOUR.

L O N D O N :

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M,DCC,LXXVIII.



A

SUPPLEMENT, &c.

ACCEPT, illustrious Fair, these artless rhymes,

Which chronicle thy fame to future times.

Accept from me a trifling, little *thing*,

Fit entertainment till approaching Spring :

'Tis short, 'tis thin, I own, but livelier far

Than German G - e's clumsier efforts were.

B

Their

Then seize it, next thy bosom *clap* it, wear it,
And may the hand that gave it, soon be near it.

Hail ! softest June, whose genial heats impart
Such fires to *****'s head and ^{Vernon's} V--n's heart :

Inspir'd by thee what wonders Bards relate ;

By thee, ev'n Maids-of-Honour c*p'l*te.

Under thy sun auspicious have we seen

Adult'ry's Court condemn'd by Britain's Queen ;

So sung the Muse. Alas ! such influence past,

My genius labours in a wintry blast ;

Each embryo thought, which thy auspicious breeze

On Zephyrs wings to seats divine might raise,

No

No full-blown glory boasts ; thoughts great and good
 Droop undistinguish'd in a frost-nipt bud.

Besides thy ray benign too, that pert Muse,
 Who sung Adult'ry's Court and London's News,
 Was privileged by loftier lucubration
 Than I, who sing of simple F*rn*c*t**n.

Allowance grant, ye Fair, then, to all three,
 November, F*rn*c*t**n, Me.

It matters not to know or where, or when,
 Maids were true maids, or will be so again :
 But well we know, since Bullen's famous fall,
 That M**d-of-H*n**r means no Maid at all.

But

But Bullen fell to rise with brighter life,

And whor'd with Harry to be Harry's wife.

^{Chudleigh}
So Ch--gh, sacred name! from ^{Kingston's} K--n's doxy,

A pistol soon transform'd to K--n's proxy :

But soaring still, surpass'd ev'n zealous hope,

And left a Peer to fumble with a Pope.

What honours thee await, illustrious Fair,

Futurity precludes the Muse's care :

But may thy darling ^{Prince} P - e be all thy own :

For sure thy virtues well deserve a crown.

But while the modest Muse reveres thy name,

And gives to latest ages V--n's name,

A flatt'ring

A flatt'ring wench unwilling to be thought,

Thus ventures with thy fame to tell thy fault:

Since F*rn*c*t**n is become a science,

Why bid its first and greatest law defiance?

While Nature reign'd, its laws were nothing mystic,

But Art has made them perfect cabalistic;

Groavener

Yet G---r, practis'd ev'ry way to *twist 'em*,

Might well have taught you C*p*l*t**n's system,

And you have still embrac'd the r-y-l boy

Without a sneaking brat to blab your joy.

For this, my V--n, tell me what defence?

A proof of lust perhaps, but scarce of sense.

C

But

But if the vigorous boy all rules could thwart
 With *force* superior to the *Chymist's* art,
 Still like a Str--e might a female wile
 Silence all scandal, and the world beguile ;
 For Str--e, honour'd name ! hath taught the fair
 A ten months pregnancy at least to bear,
 And then, without the Midwife's vulgar aid,
Labour by deputy---a Chambermaid.
 The Muse, fair *nymph*, (for *maid* I must not name)
 Thus blames your folly, but extolls your fame.

The Western land, a world but of to-day,
 Rises to empire fast, and lordly fway :

Thither,

Thither, ye Fair, if Poets may advise,
 Thither repair to plunge in endless joys :
 For tho't be true, since M**ds-of H*n*r breed,
 From great restraints the British fair are freed,
 Yet there does lawless liberty abound,
 And that is F*rn*c*t**n's fav'rite ground.
 So prove thy wasted treasures, gen'rous G - :
 But if a K - will bait, what H - e won't gorge ?
 This made, says ^{North} N--h (and all give N--h belief)
 A lawless army, and an idle Chief.
 Thither repair, then, votaries to Venus,
 And let the great Atlantic be between us ;

Leave

Leave us to mind what Nature meant we should,
 Plain downright virtue and our country's good :
 With H- and P - - t there defy all laws,
 Intrigues preferring to your country's cause.
 Let cards and dies there form each day's delight,
 And lusts, which beasts would blush at, crown each night;
 And if by some stern K - one view be croft,
 One exclamation for an empire lost,
 Proper resentment give the paltry knave,
 Shew, patriot-like, that you're no kingdom's slave,
 Of your heart's freedom all the world convince,
 Desert alike your honour and your P -.

F I N I S.